

ORLANDO  
AND  
SERAPHINA;  
OR, THE  
*Funeral Pile.*

AN HEROIC DRAMA, IN THREE ACTS.

BY  
*FRANCIS LATHOM.*

AS PERFORMED AT THE THEATRE-ROYAL,

*Dorwich.*

LONDON;

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ORLANDO

AND

SERAPHINA

OF THE

Principal Parts

THREE ACTS

AN HEROIC



J. PAYNE, PRINTER, NORWICH.

## CHARACTERS.




ALLADIN,  
ISMEN,  
ORLANDO,  
NICEPHORUS,  
ALEXIS,

MR. BREWER  
MR. G. BENNETT  
MR. BOWLES  
MR. FITZGERALD  
MR. J. BEACHEM

GUARDS, ETC.

COLORINDA,  
SERAPHINA,  
ANOLETTA,

MRS. WORTHINGTON  
MISS BIRCHALL  
MRS. FITZGERALD.



SCENE—JERUSALEM.





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# Orlando and Seraphina.

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## ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Street. On one side is seen the Mosque, on the other the Palace of ALLADIN.*

NICEPHORUS *enters slowly, looking about.*

Nic. **U**NHAPPY Jerusalem! Oh, my country, how is thy glory vanished! Queen of cities, with sorrow do I behold thee thus changed!—The Infidel triumphs: he erects the standard of the crescent on those very walls where I have so often beheld the sacred cross.—Here reigns Alladin; here stands the mosque, built upon the ruins of our holy temple.—Oh, Heaven! why are thy thunders passive, while the perfidious Ismen burns in peace his sacrilegious incense?—

Orlando will quickly be here,—he knows not who awaits him. Oh! should he have forsworn the faith of his fathers: should the hated court have seduced his heart, surprised his youth—then, welcome, death!—A warrior comes: my heart pronounces him Orlando.

*Enter ORLANDO.*

*Orl.* Is it you, venerable old man, who ask to see me?

*Nic.* Orlando! my boy! my son!

*Orl.* My father alive, and in my arms!

*Nic.* Support me, thou only prop of my age!

*Orl.* Four years I have mourned your death, and now to see you again, to press you to my heart—Oh! tell me all that——

*Nic.* First tell *me*—alas! I fear to ask it, yet tell me all—Is the pure and sacred faith of your fathers still your faith?

*Orl.* Oh, my father! can I have forgotten that I am your son?

*Nic.* Thou inspirest me with new life! Again let me press thee to my heart. I heard that you were in high favour with Alladin, and——

*Orl.* Fear not for me : no flattery, no honours, have won my heart from following your instructions. When you were torn from me, I was compelled to follow the standard of the powerful Alladin, against the Arabs. It was my fortune to signalize myself, and Alladin's inclination to reward me with his favour ; and, for *one* cause, and that alone, do I value my elevation—because it has often procured me the power of lightening the sufferings of my fellow Christians who groan beneath the yoke of slavery.—But how are you restored to me ?

*Nic.* Thou knowest that I was taken prisoner, when leader of the Christian band, by a troop of Infidels : they threw me, in chains, into a dungeon in the fortress of Adeli, and my death was noised about to intimidate those to whom my name had been accustomed to give courage.

*Orl.* How did you escape ?

*Nic.* The irresistible power of gold, after many ineffectual attempts, opened a passage through my prison walls ; and under the shade of night's dark veil, I fled unobserved.

*Orl.* Oh, why was I not acquainted whither to fly to your release ?

*Nic.* It is past: let the future have our thoughts.—Together let us fly this city, and join the noble band whose standard, waving on yon distant hills, proclaims a speedy rescue to Jerusalem.

*Orl.* My father, I will follow you: it is my duty to follow you, and I swear to perform it; but my heart bleeds as I make the promise.

*Nic.* How! does it give you pain? Speak, I charge you.

*Orl.* Orlando's fate is not in his own hands: his every sense is centered in one object. Glory, patriotism, religion, call upon him to fly from hence; and yet one invincible charm binds him to the spot he stands on.—He loves——(*Nicophorus starts.*) Nay, my father, be not alarmed: I love, but not with weakness: the flame which burns within my breast is pure, is honourable, and never can disgrace your son.

*Nic.* These are the common arguments of sensitive youth, ever ready to deceive itself.

*Orl.* Decide not too harshly; she I love is a Christian, whose life of virtue and simplicity has gained her almost the esteem of the Infidel; and should you not think me an idle flatterer of my

passion, I could praise the mind and person of my Seraphina.

*Nic.* Seraphina! She who lived under the protection of the aged Mellania?

*Orl.* The same.

*Nic.* Oh, thou Almighty Director of events! how incomprehensible are thy decrees!—Does Mellania still live?

*Orl.* No, she does not.

*Nic.* Where is Seraphina now?

*Orl.* Since the death of Mellania, she has rather lived than served in the house of a merchant whose first wife was a Christian slave, a friend of Mellania; and through my means, and the intercession of the merchant's daughter, who entertains a friendship for my Seraphina, her days are made to pass in tolerable happiness. But why did you express such agitation when first I named her?

*Nic.* Enquire not now: the time will come. Seraphina knows not her parents: I alone can name those from whom she derives her existence. Question me not;—suffice it that I do not disapprove your love. Orlando, the mother of Se-



raphina looks down upon you at this moment from heaven :—if you wish to be thought worthy of her daughter in the eyes of a saint, join yourself to the army of heroes ; rase this detested mosque ; vanquish the cruel Ismen, who, by contriving to govern Alladin, his sultan, rules with a rod of iron over the fate of the suffering Christians : then, crowned with the laurels of victory, lead your Seraphina to the altar of your faith, and give to her a hand beloved by your people for its valour in the cause of virtue.

*Orl.* My father, you have roused within me the desire of becoming worthy of Seraphina's love, before I enjoy the treasure.—Lead on, I am ready to follow you.

*Nic.* The time is not yet come : when night expands her sable wings over the city, then meet me here again. Till then, I go to shut myself from public gaze. Farewell, Orlando ! Beware thy zeal does not betray thee : remember, how great a value lies concealed in this secret—the liberty of thy brethren, the honor of thy father, and the happiness of thy Seraphina. *(Exit).*

*Orl.* May heaven direct thy steps, and bless

thy life. The doubtful conduct under which I have been constrained to live, is now about to cease. Once more I bow myself before the throne of Alladin—once only more. Never again shall I enter those walls (*pointing to the mosque*) which have so frequently afforded me a place of meditation—aye, and of religion; for the power in whom I place my faith did not reject my humble prayers, because I offered them where others raise their anthems to false prophets.

*Enter ISMEN.*

*Ism.* Comes Orlando thus early from the mosque?

*Orl.* I have been there this morning.

*Ism.* Orlando's vows are always those on which the rising sun first shines. Youth, thou art the happiest Jerusalem can boast. Thou livest between the smiles of Heaven's sun, and our terrestrial orb of light, the sultan Alladin.

*Orl.* I am not so presumptuous to believe that the light of heaven would shine the fainter on the world, if my prayers did not reach it; as for the favor of our sultan, I value it, because he gave it me unsought. (*Orlando exit into the palace.*)

*Ism.* High-spirited and vainly-glorying boy, thy pride shall soon be shaken, and thy perfidy exposed before thy favourer. I have closely watched thee, and I have seen a tear of pity for the just sufferings of that tribe, against whom our holy prophet denounces his eternal vengeance, steal down thy cheek, when thou to feeble eyes hast veiled thy feelings; but the period of thy destruction, and the extirpation of thy entire race, now rolls on with rapid progress: this day, perhaps this very hour, I lead you all to torture.—Oh, joy-inspiring thought! Your hitherto protector shall become a dæmon to goad you in the agonies of death, and the ears of the scorned Ismen shall be gladdened with your shrieks for mercy. Now is the time—now whilst scarcely a solitary footstep treads the mosque.

*(Exit into the mosque.)*

SCENE II.—*A grand Hall of Audience in the Palace of ALLADIN.*

*Flourish of trumpets, then soft music, to which enter on one side, ALLADIN and his suite; on the other, CLORINDA and Guards. They march down the stage, and meeting in the front, ALLADIN speaks.*

Illustrious princess, welcome to our court. (CLORINDA attempts to kneel.) Nay, that must not be; we are your debtor for the valiant arm and ready heart you bring us to oppose our foe, whilst here you share our throne. (*He leads her to the throne, they sit.*) Where is Orlando?—Oh, he comes! (*Enter Orlando.*) Approach, Orlando: it is my delight to see myself encircled by the supporters of my throne; and in this young warrior, princess, you behold one of the bravest hearts that ever animated being. With such supporters, why, let the Christians come; let Godfrey execute his threat to raze our walls and swim our streets with blood. Orlando's arm, yet red

with the Arabian carnage, will not take the field again without new honours.—What can I fear, when Clorinda and Orlando both fight for me ?

*Clo.* Perhaps Orlando fears his fame may not be bettered by a woman's fighting on his side ;—if such his thoughts, he does not know Clorinda. All but the name, Orlando, of my sex, I have long abjured. From the age of childhood, I despised the toys and frippery of girls ; threw by the needle and the distaff for the lance and shield ; and when I rejected the effeminacy of courts, I rejected all the gewgaws that make woman weak. A camp has been my habitation, and my action war ; but mistake me not—think not that a love of carnage and the shrieks of death have made me a warrior :—Oh, no ! the courage which spurs me on to the fight restrains me from being cruel ; and when I feel myself a woman, wielding a lance at the head of an army, as I hope by my presence to inspire my troops with valour, so I also pray, that the presence of a woman may inspire them with humanity. I would rush to the jaws of death to conquer my opposers ; but I would rather fall on my own spear, than trample



upon my vanquished enemy. Orlando, let us unite our valour, and our hands shall then united wave the flag of victory.

*Orl.* Oh, sultan! and you, illustrious princess! you pay me both too honorary an award for my slender merit. Led by the princess of Persia, the troops of Alladin can receive no additional strength from my arm.

*Enter ISMEN hastily.*

*Ism.* Oh, horror, horror! Oh, fatal day! Day of vengeance, day of terror!

*All.* Ismen, what mean those words? Explain.

*Ism.* Tremble, oh, tremble! The wrath of heaven is upon us! Our altar is prophaned: the holy law of our prophet is torn by an impious hand, trodden under a sacrilegious foot!

*All.* Who is the guilty wretch? He dies this instant!

*Ism.* The whole of the Christian people ought to die. Their insolence encreases as their defenders approach the city: not one of them is innocent. Blasphemy is in their mouths, rancour

in their hearts. Oh, sultan, the voice of heaven addresses you through my lips : it commands you to stifle the weakness of pity, and to wash out the crime which has been committed against the holy law of your prophet with the blood of the entire race who despise him. It has placed its thunder in your hands, and it commands you to strike those who rebel against its true servants.

*All.* You, Orlando, who have so often supplicated me in favor of this treacherous people, now see to what excess of offence their ingratitude drives them. Command the gates of the city to be instantly locked, and let the sacrilegious wretch be dragged to my feet. Publish also this my solemn asseveration through Jerufalem : I swear by Heaven, and by the power with which it has endowed me, that if the wretch who has been guilty of this heinous crime be not delivered up to my vengeance before the expiration of six hours, the whole Christian people shall fall the victims of my sword's revenge. Away, and publish my decree.

Orl. I obey. Oh, Heaven! teach me how it were  
best for me to act. *(As, de, and exit).*

*Ism.* Orlando, oh sultan ! is a valiant soldier, I confess it ; but the zeal which inspires, and perhaps enlightens me, forbids me to lock within my own breast, those suspicions which——

*All.* What suspicions ? Speak !

*Ism.* He has been seen to talk in private with rebellious Christians, and it is not impossible that his heart may be biassed by their dangerous doctrines.

*Clo.* Priest, forbear ; nor hazard an attempt to sully the honor of a hero whom glory herself adopts, and whom compassion may have led to lend an ear to the tale of misfortune. Why are you thus clear-sighted only to become an accuser ? Why do you talk of justice only in the character of a persecutor ? That father, and that judge supreme, in whose cause you pretend this warmth, turns with disdain from the cries of such of his children as are incessantly supplicating the fall of his thunder on their fellow creatures : he searches the heart, and easily discerns the fanatic who hides under the garments of candour and of peace, the seditious torch with which he wants only opportunity, not inclination, to fire the world.

*Ism.* Princess, the Divine Majesty is already sufficiently offended, without the multiplication of insults being thrown upon him in scoffs at his ministers. You have unhappily been brought up far from this favored country, in a land where you have not been taught the respect which is due to the organs of the holy law.—Oh, Mahomet! I thank thee for this triumph.

*(Aside, and exit).*

*Clo.* False accusation! The froth of envy foaming from a wicked heart.

*All.* You mistake Ismen: he is true to the honour of our religion, and the interest of his sovereign; and his zeal carried him too far when he spoke thus harshly of Orlando. Severity is justice with these Christians.

*Clo.* Come, let us to the tower, and from a distance view their camp.

*All.* Rest yet awhile. Although you disdain the luxury of courts, you shall not say that Aladdin was unacquainted how to treat a princess when his guest.

*A Grand Dance, which concludes the First Act.*

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Grove.*

*Enter SERAPHINA, meeting ANOLETTA.*

*Ano.* **O**H, my dear Seraphina, I am glad you are returned from the city ; I have been seeking you.

*Ser.* So have I you, my dear Anoletta. Embrace me, my friend, for I come to bid you an eternal farewell.

*Ano.* What means my dearest Seraphina ?

*Ser.* Have you yet to learn the dreadful edict which threatens the Christians ?

*Ano.* With tears, I have heard it ; but you Seraphina have nothing to fear from it : your known life of innocence, and the power of my father,



will protect you from suffering with your unhappy people.

*Ser.* Call them a happy people, Anoletta, for I have found the means of saving them.

*Ano.* Oh, how ?

*Ser.* By dying for them.

*Ano.* You, Seraphina !

*Ser.* Of what value is my life in the world ? I have no one to whom my existence is necessary : I am ignorant from whom I received my being, and must descend into the grave without having felt the embrace of a parent. How then can I better bestow this life, than by yielding it to preserve the innocent husband to his wife, the mother to her helpless child ? Oh, the thought is glorious ! Seraphina will not have lived in vain, and the power whom she adores will not suffer her to die unrewarded.

*Ano.* But he who is really guilty may yet acknowledge himself.

*Ser.* Oh, no ! Strange rumours are abroad amongst the Christians : they whisper, that some infidel is actor of the crime for which they stand accused. If so, no hope for them remains but in

my fortitude. Farewell! I go to meet the sultan as he enters the mosque, to supplicate success upon his arms.

*Ano.* Yet stay, yet hear me: I fear to move you, yet I must speak—you do not stand alone in the world, while Orlando lives.

*Ser.* The Christians owe him much, I grant; he has indeed himself the virtues of a Christian: he has also told me that he loves me, and I have not refused to hear his declarations of affection. I have weighed all this well within my own breast, and I have resolved that humanity is the nobler passion. Leave me, dear Anoletta; you must not stir one step with me. The pangs of dying are increased by seeing those we love suffering for us. If you would serve me once more, when my body falls lifeless from the hand of the executioner, let your hands shroud it from the eyes of taunting curiosity, let your steps follow it to a decent grave, and let your tears fall upon the earth that covers it: in returning thence, should you meet Orlando, tell him that Seraphina dared to die, to save an injured people; that she charged him, with her last breath, by the love he had

professed for her, to continue the friend of her people; and that in this hope, she died.

*Ano.* Oh, Seraphina!——

*Ser.* Nay, do not weep; 'tis but a little struggle, and I go to certain happiness. My soul expands towards heaven: a celestial ardor fills my heart; and I hear the voice of religion calling upon me to proceed, and to be blessed. Farewell, for ever! (Exit).

*Ano.* Oh, Seraphina! yet one moment hear me. Stay! (Exit, hastily).

SCENE II.—*The Gates of the Mosque.*

*A Procession enters to the Mosque. In the first division, ISMEN and Priests, with the Crescent borne before them: in the second, ALLADIN and his Guards, with the Banners of ALLADIN borne before him. As ALLADIN approaches the front of the Stage, SERAPHINA enters, and stands in his way. ALLADIN makes a sign for his Guards to halt: they draw off on either side of the Stage. ALLADIN comes down to S*

PHINA. *ISMEN returns from the Mosque, and comes down on her other side.*

*All.* Who art thou, that darest to interrupt my progress to the temple of our holy prophet ?

*Ser.* I am a Christian, sultan, who come to yield up to you the criminal you seek. It was I who tore the law of a false prophet.

*Ism.* Oh, blasphemer ! Vengeance, vengeance on her impious head !

*All.* So young, and yet so hardy !

*Ser.* I confess without trembling what I performed without fear.

*All.* Whilst thou art only threatened with the punishment due to thy guilt, thou mayest pretend to forget the fears and weakness of thy sex ; but will this fortitude continue when thou writhest thy polished limbs beneath the torture ?

*Ser.* You are attempting to intimidate me, sultan ; but your purpose is in vain, I am hitherto innocent of any crime ; and when, by this confession, I spare an entire people from being slaughtered for my action, I shall die with a conscience void of injustice.

*Ism.* Witness the frantic zeal which these enthusiastic Christians pour into the minds of their youth, and use to poison the weak hearts of their females; these are the first signs of the cabals which they are forming; soon an open rebellion will break out.

*All.* Name your accomplices.

*Ser.* I am without any.

*Ism.* Then our chains are for you alone. Guards!—You will speak a different language by and by.—Conduct her to the subterraneous vaults beneath the mosque. (*Some of the guards advance, and seize her.*) What! does your color fade already? Where is now your confidence?

*Ser.* In that power whom I adore.

*Ism.* Away with her.

(*The guards take her off.*)

*All.* Ismen, when I mount the throne of justice, I shall need thy fortitude to uphold me in pronouncing sentence on so fair, so interesting an offender.

*Ism.* Come, let us to the mosque, and entreat our holy prophet to grant us the power of exacting a vengeance from the offenders against his law,



adequate to the heinous crime under which it lies insulted.

*(ALLADIN and ISMEN walk through the ranks of the guards into the Mosque. The guards then follow them, two and two.)*

*Enter ANOLETTA.*

*Ano.* Unhappy Seraphina! her death is now inevitable. Oh, that I could have overtaken her in time to have contradicted her assertion of her guilt to the sultan! What shall I do? By what means shall I attempt to save her? Orlando coming this way. Shall I?—yes, I will address him.

*Enter ORLANDO.*

*Ano.* Oh, Orlando! noble young warrior! assist me with your advice. My poor friend, Seraphina——

*Orl.* What of Seraphina?

*Ano.* Is in the power of the cruel Ismen, dragged in chains to the dungeons beneath the mosque.

*Orl.* Seraphina in chains! Speak! Explain!

*Ano.* The innocent Seraphina, to save the Christian people from death, has accused herself of tearing the law, and delivered herself up to justice.

*Orl.* Oh, Seraphina! what a soul hast thou! Anoletta, she shall not die.

*Ano.* May you be blessed for those words! But how can you ensure what you promise?

*Orl.* The time is come, that Heaven commands me to avow myself a Christian.

*Ano.* Orlando, a Christian! Oh, if Seraphina knew this! "Tell Orlando," she said, when she left me, full of the glorious design which tore her from me, "that Seraphina dies happy in the hope of his continuing the friend of her people.

*Orl.* Did she speak of me? No, Seraphina, thou shalt not die: the richest ornament of the world shall not descend thus early, thus undeservedly into the tomb. Dry your tears, Anoletta: leave me, return home, and await the arrival of Seraphina. Say not a word at present. The moments are precious: leave me, I entreat you. (*Exit Anoletta.*) This is the most

glorious moment of my life: had I lived for centuries to have rolled over my head, I could not have known a happiness beyond what the present instant brings me. No, Seraphina; the galling chains shall no longer load thy delicate frame: I will wear thy bonds, I will die for thee. Oh! thought of bliss, of glory! I feel but one remorse, but one abbreviation of my extacy:—what will not my father suffer, thus to lose the life of a son so tenderly beloved, so lately regained; yet this shall not shake me from my purpose:—he has wisdom, he has humanity; and he must feel with me, that to die for Seraphina is not to lose life, but to barter it for happiness, for honor, and for glory! (Exit).

SCENE III.—*A Room in the Palace of AL-LADIN.*

*Enter CLORINDA, followed by ALEXIS.*

*Clo.* Now, Alexis, what would you with me? Why do you call me into private?

*Alex.* Do I still retain the privilege of ancient

service to address you without offence? Have I still the liberty of speaking to you from my feelings?

*Clo.* Alexis, that will ever be thy right. Didst thou not teach my unskilled hand to guide the fiery war-horse? Did I not learn from thee to wield my lance, and to support my shield? And canst thou ask this question?

*Alex.* I asked it, princess, because the subject I am about to speak upon is a new one to us both. Clorinda came hither a conqueror, at the head of an army; and Clorinda is herself become a slave.

*Clo.* I perceive that thou hast read my heart, when I thought it closed from the perusal of every eye; but I confess the secret: Clorinda cannot stoop to utter a falsehood.—Yes, Alexis, I do love the heroic Orlando; but fear not that I should disgrace the glory in which I have lived. Weakness shall not stain my love, and love itself must be prophaned when called a weakness.

*Alex.* Beware, the passion is more subtle than you may imagine it.

*Clo.* I feel, Alexis, that it will give spirit to my

conquests; that, fighting by Orlando's side, I shall dare to rush to actions of heroism which never man has yet achieved. Do you not credit me? Do you fear that Clorinda should forget herself? Never, never. No, Alexis, I will not give even an enemy occasion to say, there was a single moment in Clorinda's life when a disgraceful passion stained her fame. I have lived the conqueror of the world; and should such a passion ever steal into my breast, I will die, by my own sword, beneath a nobler name—the conqueror of myself.

*Alex.* What! do you intend to raise him to your throne?

*Clo.* Have I yet told thee that I shall discover my heart to him? No: the decision is not yet formed within my own breast: but of this be sure, that if I do confess to him what my heart feels for him, it is to offer him my hand. Clorinda knows no joys of love unsanctioned by the rites of marriage.

*Alex.* Since you avow that the decision is not formed, let me entreat you to reflect before you act. Consider your rank. What has he to compensate for such advancement?



*Clo.* Courage, honor, and virtue. Thinkest thou that when Clorinda weds she will sell her person to the richest diadem that asks her hand? or that she can love him best whose realms are most extensive? No. Clorinda seeks a soul congenial to her own—she seeks the nobler qualities of mind; and whilst she knows how to despise the tyrant whose riches only speak his commendation, she feels also how to reward the hero whose modesty is his noblest praise. (*Exeunt.*)

SCENE IV.—*The Hall of Audience in the Palace of*

ALLADIN.

*Guards round the throne. ALLADIN enters alone in thought.*

*All.* When I am alone, my heart chills at the sufferings of this young Christian. Ismen provoked me to the bloody decree. Unhappy girl! Thoughts too tender for my office are stealing into my heart: here comes Ismen with his unceasing eloquence to drive them back.

*Enter ISMEN.*  
*Ism.* Sultan, why does justice sleep in your hands? Why do you delay the punishment of that insolent girl who braves your power? This is a moment which ought to be seized with avidity. Surprise and terror render the Christians unfit for resistance: this is the moment to exterminate their race.

*All.* And why desire this slaughter? It shall not be. The sword of justice shall hang suspended over their heads, but it shall not yet fall on them. The death of this female will be sufficient to intimidate them for a while. Let them be watched, but let their lives be sacred. Beset as they are on every side by our troops under the command of Orlando, what can they do to injure us?

*Ism.* Make you repent the suspension of that edict which would confirm the peace of your dominions and your own safety on the throne; besides, I could add——

*All.* What? Speak.

*Ism.* What I have before hinted to you—that

the finger of my suspicions points towards the treachery of Orlando.

*All.* Orlando, a traitor ! he who has so faithfully served me !

*Ism.* And what traitor does not hide the blackness of his heart under some specious virtue which he assumes ? But I entreat you to think no more of what has escaped me in my warmth, till time shall prove whether my discernment be false or true.

*All.* Orlando, a traitor ! Impossible.

*Ism.* See, they are bringing to your feet the female Christian to receive sentence from your lips. Assume your seat of justice.

*ALLADIN mounts the throne. SERAPHINA is brought on, in chains, by the Guards.*

*All.* Approach, imperious girl. You know the situation in which you stand, and yet you do not tremble.

*Ser.* No, Sultan : I sinewed my heart into a disregard of fear before I came hither.

*All.* May it meet pain with equal fortitude, for your punishment is near.

*Ser.* Try me by pronouncing my sentence.

*ORLANDO rushes in.*

*Orl.* Forbear to pronounce it. It is not her sentence: she is innocent. She has deceived you by a pious artifice. Strike off the chains from her innocent hands: she is not the criminal.

*All.* Produce him then. Where is he?

*Orl.* Before you. He is myself.

*Ser.* Ah!

*All.* Is it Orlando who speaks?

*Orl.* Cease to be surprised: Orlando is a Christian.

*Ser. (aside).* Orlando, a Christian! Oh, Heaven, I thank thee!

*Ism. (aside to Alladin).* My suspicions were not groundless, sultan.

*All.* Thou a Christian, and in my court! Fiend of perjury! thou to whom I entrusted my power, thou to disguise the soul of a traitor under the mask of a hero!

*Orl.* Sultan, forbear your reproaches: they are

unjust. I am not a traitor. Whilst your servant, I fulfilled all the duties which bound me to you: but I now throw off the yoke, because a voice more dear, more sacred, superior to every other claim, calls upon me to follow the standard of my own people. I come to sacrifice for my religion that life which I have so often exposed for the support of your throne.

*All.* You add insult to crime, when you pretend that you have been faithful to your sultan.

*Orl.* True fidelity does not consist in a servile bondage, which is to have no limits. I did not sell to you my soul and her secret workings. I lent you my arm to fight your battles: it has acquitted itself towards you with honor, and no existing power shall now prevent its being stretched out to the assistance of my injured brethren.

*All.* You may well vaunt your courage: the tearing of our holy writ was doubtless the action of a valiant hero.

*Ser.* Oh! do not believe him. Indeed he did not commit the deed of which he accuses himself: he only wants to snatch from me the wreath of



glory which my death will wind round my head.

*Orl.* Sultan, consider her age, her sex, her gentleness; and then reflect, whether she would have dared to rush through your guards into the mosque for a purpose of this nature. I am acquainted with all the secret windings of the temple; and this knowledge gave me an opportunity of accomplishing my design.

*All.* I am distracted in my judgment, and know not to which of them to give credit.

*Ism.* They both defy your supreme power—they both pride themselves on a sacrilegious crime: let them both suffer the death which each is so eager to snatch from the other.

*Ser.* It is I who ought to die.

*Orl.* It is I who alone deserve death.

*All.* Be your self-accusation the effect of truth or falsehood, you both shall die. The same funeral pile shall give you victims to the flames, unless one of you agree to save the other by a declaration of the truth. This is my final and unalterable decree. (*Descends from the throne.*)

Guards, watch them closely. Follow me, Ismen.

*(Exit, followed by Ismen.)*

*Orl.* Oh! thou marvellous assemblage of every virtue—thou, whose presence makes me forget e'en the tyrant's cruelty; why are you resolute to make me feel the only pang which death can give me—that of seeing you die with me?

*Ser.* Why, Orlando, are you come to interrupt the last moments of a life which I am resolved to sacrifice for the happiness of my people?

*Orl.* Seraphina, you must not die. I have a task for you to perform on earth. I have a father, a venerable old man;—but you well know the aged Nicephorus.

*Ser.* Nicephorus, your father!

*Orl.* Live to be his comforter: give him a daughter for the son he loses.

*Ser.* Now you convince me that I ought to die, for I have no parent to lament my loss. Orlando, Seraphina commands you to live.

*Orl.* I have the courage to die, but I have not the fortitude to survive you.

*Ser.* Oh, Orlando!

*Orl.* My soul! my life! *(They embrace.)*

*Enter ISMEN.*

*Ism.* Tear them asunder. (*The guards separate them.*) Reconduct the female to her prison.

*Ser.* Farewell, Orlando! remember my last words.

*Orl. (following her).* Oh! not so; we do not part again!

*Ism.* Seize him. (*The guards obey.*)

*Ser.* Save thyself, Orlando!

(*Seraphina is taken off by some of the guards;—others of them hold back Orlando.*)

*Ism.* Orlando, hear me: I come to you from the sultan. He ought to hate, and he esteems you; your ingratitude gives him sorrow instead of anger: he confesses, that it would grieve him to lose a warrior so beloved, and he asks you to become his friend again. He does not require of you to renounce your religion, only to dissemble while you lead his troops. If you consent, he promises that some common man from the herd of Christians shall suffer for your crime, and that it shall be his future study to load you with preferment and honors.

*Orl.* Insolent priest! Return to thy sultan, and bear him my thanks for his past favours; then tell him, that Orlando would sooner strike off his right hand than lift it against his brethren: tell him, that when I pleaded the cause of the Christians at the foot of his throne, I hoped in time to have moved his pity for them; but that Ismen hardened his heart against them: tell him, that Orlando cannot stoop to dissimulate; that he never deceived even himself: tell him, moreover, that the death he is about to suffer will load him with such honors as the diadem of Alladin has not the power of bestowing.

*Ism.* You refuse then to save Seraphina?

*Orl.* Wouldst thou madden me to seize thy throat, and dash thee to the earth, with other reptiles like thyself? Lead me to my prison, while my reason is yet sufficiently strong to guard me from the commission of outrage!

*Ism.* He asks for chains; load him till he sinks beneath them!

*Orl.* Chain him to the earth, his heart will be erect, for it is guiltless!

*(Orlando is taken off by the guards.)*

*Ismael.* All is not well. I shall be foiled at my own weapons. Had Orlando renounced the Christians, they had been delivered up to my vengeance. Oh, thought of extacy! What gain I by his death, and the murder of that girl? 'Tis true, my rival in the sultan's favor will be removed; but that is little when compared——Yet, stay; may not Seraphina become the tool I wish to make her? It shall be attempted. I can but fail, and Ismen never shall reproach himself with having left untried the means that might have swelled his power.

*(Exit.)*

*End of the Second Act.*



ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A subterraneous dungeon beneath the mosque.*

SERAPHINA is discovered at prayer by the side of a broken pillar: a lamp is burning near her, on a fragment of stone: the rest of the stage entirely dark.

**A**LMIGHTY Power, in confidence of whose blessed name I have lived, and in reliance on whose mercy I now meet death without fear, accept my thanks that I know Orlando to be a Christian, and that I have not offended thy supreme authority by having loved an infidel. Oh! forgive the deceit which I have practised for the preservation of thy people; and if thou deign'st me

a reward, Oh, bestow it in the life and happiness of Orlando ! *(She continues fixed in prayer.)*

ISMEN *enters slowly and silently. After having contemplated her some moments, he speaks.*

She calls upon that power on whom she rests her faith, and is calm though almost instant death awaits her ; and I, I who am her earthly judge, I am disturbed and restless. I despise the faith of these Christians, and yet there are moments when their fortitude makes me tremble : this one, however, is in my power, and she must yield to it or die. Approach, misguided girl : thy situation touches me with pity ; and thou no longer beholdest in me a severe judge, but a compassionating friend. Come near, Seraphina, and listen to me. *(Seraphina comes forward slowly and with firmness.)* Chance gave you birth amidst a falsely believing people : instructed from your cradle in their erroneous faith, educated through your maturer years to think their mad fanaticism the only right, I do not wonder that, with a spirit thus enflamed, you have pursued the phantom you adore till it has led you to the brink of your destruction.

Here, that Ismen, whom your sect reviles, steps in as your protector, tells you to follow his advice, and promises to snatch you with his saving arm from the brow of that precipice whence you else sink to certain death. Answer me, Seraphina: have you attended to what my mercy has condescended to announce to you?

*Ser.* The confused murmurs of your voice have passed through my ears, but your words I have not heard: my mind has at this moment other matter for its attention than the blasphemies of Ismen.

*Ism.* Abate this frantic ardor, and snatch at preservation while it is yet in your power. Already do I see you linked by bruising chains upon the funeral pile—your body half consumed, half scorched by winding flames that threaten an increase of torture: then do I hear you lift your voice in shrieks of phrenzy, though too feeble to express your agony; and hear you curse too late the unhappy wilfulness that drove you to destruction.

*Ser.* Ismen, see me die; and when this body is reduced to ashes, if you feel remorse at having

been the means to destroy her whom you avow you can save; make your peace with heaven in lenity to future victims of oppression. What! silent and astonished, Ismen! Are you convinced at length that there exists a heart which does not fear your cruelties?

*Ism.* I am considering, whence a female heart gains such fortitude, when a warrior's shrinks with weakness from the fear of death. Orlando has not thy resolution.

*Ser.* Thou dost not know him.

*Ism.* Better than Seraphina knows him, when she believes him waiting death with placid resignation like herself. Orlando knows the value of an existence flattered into happiness by daily growing honors and renown: Orlando is again the favourite of the Sultan Alladin—again he marches under the victorious banners of our holy prophet.

*Ser.* Oh, God! this is the only pang which wounds!—Yet, it cannot be: avaunt, thou base impostor! I am as well convinced of my Orlando's faith as of my own. Oh, thou tyrant! thou false priest! if pity ever swelled a vein

about your heart, command your executioners to light the pile of death, and suffer me to fly to its flames for an asylum against thy cruelties.

*Ism.* No, ungrateful girl, thou shalt not die thus easily: thou shalt live to know the lengthened tortures with which I will extirpate piecemeal the existence of thy lover: thy heart shall bleed through his wounds. Extreme torture shall bend his resolute soul in prayers to me for mercy; and thou shalt hear him utter shrieks of agony, and see him weep forth tears of blood to know that thou observest his sufferings.

*Ser.* Oh! kill me, kill me! I demand to die.

*(Falls down).*

*NICEPHORUS enters through an arch in the flat.*

*Nic.* At length, I have penetrated these dark passages.—Ah! what do I see? Seraphina dying, and Ismen triumphing over her agonies. *(Nicephorus runs to Seraphina, and raises her.)*

*Ism.* Nicephorus! dost thou again appear before me? I remember thee well.

*Nic.* It had been no wonder if you had forgotten



me: amongst the number of the unhappy that Ismen persecutes, he might easily have forgotten a single individual.

*Ser.* Oh, venerable old man! what pitying angel has restored you to me at this trying moment?

*Ism.* Darest thou to think that thou mayst interpose here with impunity?

*Nic.* I will dare still more: I will endeavour to call up a sigh of pity from thy hardened breast. Tell me: What infernal phrenzy fires thy heart? Wherefore this unquenchable thirst of Christian blood? Can it be possible that you should prefer the curses of an entire people to the blessings of gratitude which it is in your ability to receive from them? and what benefit do you derive from these wanton barbarities? You have riches and power, but have you peace of mind? Call back to your remembrance those days when you were yourself a Christian, your situation in life as humble as my own: were you not then a happier man, less tormented by remorse of conscience, less hateful to yourself? Call back to your remembrance that day when, kneeling before a

Christian altar, you gave your hand to a virtuous wife, and swore to her that you would die a member of the faith in which you had espoused her.

*Ism.* Yes, without your remembrances, I recollect too well, and too often, the mean obscurity in which I lived: but Ismen had a soul above his fortune. Weary of being confounded with a troop of slaves, I soared above the dull monotony in which I lived: ambition gave me wings, and my talents and industry supported me in my flight. Success crowned my proud desires: then it was, that, by your counsels, my wife, before obedient to my will, became a rebel to my love, because I served the Sultan Alladin; grew every day in hate to me by your persuasions; and, lastly, fled me. Dare you then blame the vengeance with which my heart is fired against your people, when you, their leader, their director, bear the bitterest enmity to me?

*Nic.* Yes, Ismen, it was by my counsel that your wife fled from the contagion which you breathed upon her: it was by my counsel that she withdrew herself from the embraces of a man who

had abjured our holy faith. Oh, Ismen, liardened as I behold your heart, I have yet a secret locked in my breast which has the power of disarming yours of its ferocity. Oh! that it might be capable of restoring you to happiness, to virtue!

*Ism.* Thou a secret which can affect me! I dare thee to reveal it.

*Nic.* Thou art not in a temper of mind to hear it.

*Ism.* Fear me not: thou mayest find me more merciful than thou dost expect.

*Nic.* I do not fear thee; and I have a question ready to try thy mercy by. The young Orlando, who offers himself to die in the place of this exquisite girl, is innocent of the crime he pretends to avow: she is herself innocent; but inspired by a noble principle, which ought to touch even thy marble heart,—they are willing to die for the preservation of their people. Thou askest the sacrifice of a Christian's life: it cannot matter to thee whose that life is, so thou dost but shed the blood of a Christian. I am an old man, whose life is useless: now is the only time it can be of

service. Declare me the criminal, and let me die to save them.

*Ser.* Oh, my protector! forbear, forbear.

*Ism.* Beware what thou askest, rash old man: remember that I have the power to chain thee and thy entire people upon the rack of torture.

*Nic.* Remember thou, that the providence whom we adore has the power to shield us from thy cruelties. Answer me: is it thou who condemnest this angel of purity to the flames?

*Ism.* Thinkest thou I fear to confess it? Yes, it is I who condemn her.

*Nic.* Retract the sentence: I command thee to retract it.

*Ism.* Insolent! commanded by thee! Thy violence shall turn against thyself: unheard-of tortures shall be added to her death to punish thy presumption.

*Nic.* Then tremble, thou monster of iniquity; for I will torture thee without the rack or flames, unlock my breast, and strike upon thine ear the threatened secret it contains. Prepare thee to be struck with horror to the earth—to die in the

agonies of thine own mind. Tyrant, O he whom thou condemnest is—thine own child!

*Ism.* Ah!

*Ser.* He, my father! Save me, hide me—oh!  
(*Faints upon Nicephorus.*)

*Ism.* My child! Yet—No: I'll not believe the assertion: prove it, I charge thee.

*Nic.* When my sister fled from you, this child, yet in its early infancy, was the companion of her flight: and wouldst thou know us still more firmly linked, learn that Orlando is my son.

*Ism.* Orlando, thy son!

(*Seraphina slides down from the arms of Nicephorus, falls upon her knees before him, clasps his knees, and says*)

Father of my Orlando, bless me!

*Nic.* Ismen, turn hither: recognize in the countenance of this innocent sufferer the features of her you once loved; then, if the rays of pity do not thaw the avenues to your frozen heart, and call contrition's dew into your eyes, renounce, from this instant, the name of man, and take the name of savage with the nature; burn my son upon the dying body of his father; plunge your



daughter into the same flames where we are suffering; and while you behold us expiring under your tortures, renounce aloud the God of your youth. Do this, or with the blood of humanity once more rushing through your veins, throw yourself into her arms.

*(Ismen groans, and sinks upon a fragment of stone. Seraphina rises hastily, and goes to him.)*

*Ser.* Cruel as you have been to me, you are still my father: you are ill, you are in agony of mind, and it is not in my power to assist you. Oh! return to the faith of your fathers, that I may pray for you with joy and confidence.

*Ism. (starting up wildly).* Oh, leave me, leave me! Whither can I turn me but to scorn? Whither can I take me but to be feared or hated? No where to be loved.

*Ser.* I will love you.

*Ism.* You, whom I have condemned to the flames! Impossible.

*Nic.* The Christians all will render you offices of kindness.

*Ism.* What! in return for my persecutions!

No, let me fly — (*going, he stops suddenly.*) Ah! what lights are these? Clorinda coming! The secret must not escape. Ho, guards! (*The guards enter.*) Remove these prisoners to the inner prison, quick.

Ser. Oh! that I durst pray for my father.

(*Nicephorus and Seraphina are hurried off by the guards.*)

Ism. Oh! nature, ambition, vengeance, how exquisite are your mingled torments!

CLORINDA'S Guards are seen bearing torches through the arcades: they then enter, followed by her and ALEXIS.

Clo. Ismen, art thou void of every human feeling? Is this a habitation, even for a criminal? Dost thou call thyself priest, only because thou hast a heart of stone, and offerest up no incense to thy prophet but the sighs of those on whom thy vengeance falls? You hold Orlando here in chains: bring him out to me.

Ism. Is it possible that the princess Clorinda knows his crime, and yet asks to see him.

*Clo.* Have I not said it?

*Ism.* Princess, the authority which Alladin confides to me——

*Clo.* I supersede by his command: obey me.

*Ism.* Orlando is a Christian: let me then ask——

*Clo.* Clorinda does not humble herself to answer thy interrogatories. Leave me, and obey me, (*Exit Ismen.*) Retire, and wait my call (*to Alexis and her guards, who exeunt*). The weakness of false shame has too long tied my tongue.—Why should I fear to confess the passion of my heart, since I know it to be just and honourable? Shall I see Orlando dragged to the funeral pile, and only dare to heave a smothered sigh; when Ismen has the courage to denounce vengeance and exercise cruelty in the face of the world? This heart was not born to be content with the weak subterfuges which slavery adopts to gain its ends: conscious of its own independence, it tells me, that Orlando is a hero destined to make me blest, and that I can lose nothing by giving every thing to him.

*Enter ORLANDO, in chains.*

*Clo.* Can this be Orlando? Are these chains the recompence of a hero's glorious exploits? Are these chains the reward which Alladin decrees to the avenger of his country's wrongs against the Arabs? Oh, shame! to see Orlando's hands disgraced by chains.

*Orl.* They only disgrace the guilty: they are the pride of him who wears them in the cause of justice.

*Clo.* Clorinda comes to snap them. Thinkest thou she can look tamely on to see Orlando suffer? No, thy cause is hers. Thou oft hast raised thy head with honor in the field of battle: Clorinda has as oft stretched out her arm amid the din of war: she honors thee, and will save thee, or perish.

*Orl.* Can Clorinda venture to defend an individual's cause against a cruel priest, a sultan governed by his arts, and a populace inflamed by his deceits? What can have inspired you with such generosity?

*Clo.* Dost thou not hear a secret voice which speaks in whispers to thy heart, informing thee

the cause? Orlando, the Princess of Persia loves thee: she desires to join her conquering hand with thine, to unite her destiny with that of a hero whom she esteems, and to prove her affection by raising him to the participation of her throne. We are both warriors: let us march under the same standard, fight together, conquer together, live together inseparable in love and glory.

*Orl.* Oh! Clorinda, illustrious princess! your nobleness of mind touches my heart with the most exquisite sensibility.—But leave me, I entreat you to leave me: my duty and my heart both command me to die.

*Clo.* Your heart! Do you then hate her who must for ever love you?

*Orl.* Hate you! Oh, witness, Heaven, the gratitude which my heart feels for you! But I cannot insult Clorinda, or debase my own nature, by a division of my affections; and my heart is not my own.

*Clo.* Oh! thou tearest my soul by this confession. Who is she so eminent in happiness as to possess Orlando's heart? Who is she that has the power to cast a gloom of disappointment on Clorinda's life?



*Orl.* Do not envy her the possession of a heart to which the funeral pile will be the altar that unites her. In little more than one short hour, the flames will give thee vengeance on thy rival and Orlando: in twice that time, their ashes will be all that there remains of either. May Clorinda find a more worthy object for her love than the lost Orlando: her secret is for ever buried in his heart, and dies when he dies. Farewell: mayest thou be happy, and forget the only moment of weakness which ever seized thy noble heart. Once more, farewell for ever. (*Exit.*)

*Clo.* Oh! hide me, ye walls; fall on me, crush me; screen me, if ye can, from myself. Oh, I am lost to happiness for ever! Ho, Alexis!

*Enter ALEXIS.*

Oh, Alexis! I am fallen, sunk from the pinnacle of my flattering hopes into the very abyss of misery and despair. Orlando dies for another, and this heart refuses but to love him. Had he scorned me, I think I had been less unhappy; but he talked of gratitude—gratitude unconnected with love.

*Alex.* Abate this violence of grief : let not a disappointment of the heart sully a moment of Clorinda's life.

*Clo.* Oh ! thou hast never loved, or thou wouldst not attempt to reason with a heart devoured by passion.

*Alex.* Let the certainty that Orlando's death is now inevitable, since he has refused the favor you have offered him, afford you consolation.

*Clo.* No, Alexis : that is not love like mine which can convert itself into revenge and be content. No, I love too well for that : my love would labour to give happiness to the object of its adoration, although every added atom of his bliss encreased the pangs myself should suffer. A noble idea is in my brain.—Oh, that I could bring it to issue ! All that a woman's arm can do shall be performed in the attempt. Yes, Orlando, I will endeavour to preserve thee for happiness, though I can never share it with thee. Perish the selfish wretch who will not promote the felicity of others, though the accidents of life refuse that he should himself partake in it ! (Exeunt.)

SCENE II.—*A Street.*

*The Procession of the Victims to the Funeral Pile passes over the stage, to solemn music.*

## CHORUS.

Raise ye aloud the sacred strain,  
Strike the lute's harmonious string;  
Glory to Alladin proclaim,  
Vengeance to our Prophet bring.  
In the notes of grateful joy,  
Alla's glorious praise we sing:  
Warm'd by religion's holy cause,  
We vengeance to our Prophet bring.

SCENE III.—*The outside of the Mosque. The Funeral Pile erected in the middle of the stage: Guards on each side of it.*

*Enter ISMEN.*

Into how dreadful a distraction of mind am I plunged! I feel as if myself were the victim of that funeral pile, and that those flames were waiting to devour my body. Nicephorus flattered

himself with the idea of gaining an open triumph over me, but I baffled his attempts: the mind of Ismen is too well skilled in dissimulation to confess it feels a pang, though in private it may be wounded beyond the patience of human nature. Nicephorus shall perish, unheard and unpitied, in those subterraneous dungeons which he dared to enter with a design of awing me. Orlando dies upon the funeral pile; and as for Seraphina—she must be saved: Ismen is not yet hardened into the murder of a daughter. Ah! they come: let me retire awhile, and summon resolution for this last effort of my vengeance. *(Exit.)*

*The Procession of the Victims enters: the priests and females repeating the Chorus. The procession ranges itself on either side of the stage. Orlando and Seraphina come forward.*

*Orl.* Oh, Seraphina! behold the altar that is destined to unite us. Oh, that the flames of yonder funeral pile should be the fetters fated to connect our constant hearts! Seraphina, you must perceive that this solemn moment affects me;

yet, trust me, sweet, it is not for myself, it is for you, that I am moved to tenderness.

Ser. Forbear, Orlando, these repinings: all-merciful Heaven deigns to give me strength beyond mortality. Already do I see a wreath of glory suspended in the skies to crown our spirits in their flight to our celestial father.

Orl. Oh! that it were permitted me throughout my dying moments to press my heart to thine, to exhale my breath at the same moment thou shalt breathe out thine: Orlando then would die in bliss.

Ser. These are not thoughts suited to our present situation. Shall I tell thee how thou mayst die resembling thy Seraphina? Let thy last breath emit itself in prayers for thy persecutors. Come, let us mount the pile together.

*(As they turn towards the funeral pile, ISMEN comes down from the top of the stage, and meets them.)*

Ism. Arrest your steps, and hear me. I have drawn out the truth from the mystery which has so long obscured it: I have discovered that Orland-



do alone is guilty. I therefore condemn him alone to the flames.

*Orl.* Now you are kind indeed ! Seraphina then will live to be my father's comforter.

*Ser.* Alas ! I shall never see your father more : chained to the subterraneous dungeon's flinty wall, he lies, condemned to linger out his painful life unpitied and unaided by the voice of mortals.

*Orl.* My father in the tyrant's power ! delay not then to give me to the flames, and end my power of suffering by death. Seraphina, for the last time on earth, farewell ! and may the God of the Christians shield thee under the wings of his mercy !

*(Embraces Seraphina.)*

*Ism.* Away with him to instant death. Chain him to the funeral pile. Give our holy prophet his merited vengeance.

*(The guards seize Orlando, and drag him towards the funeral pile.)*

*Ser.* A victim still is wanting : your sacrifice is not complete. It is my right to suffer with him : in pity let me die with my Orlando.

*(Seraphina throws herself at Ismen's feet.)*

*Ism. (to the guards). Apply your torches.*

*(Orlando is chained to the pile; and as the torch-bearers are on the point of setting fire to it,*

*CLORINDA rushes in, followed by her guards.)*

*Clo.* Forbear, forbear: Clorinda, in the name of Alladin, commands you to forbear.

*(The guards withdraw their torches, and Ismen stands fixed in silent astonishment.)*

*Orl.* Princess, these moments are serious ones: I entreat you not to disturb them uselessly. If you really wish to serve me, protect my helpless Seraphina; snatch my aged father, Nicephorus, from the dungeon where he languishes beneath the mosque.

*Clo. (to her guards). Fly, and bring Nicephorus hither to his son.*

*(Some of Clorinda's guards exeunt hastily.)*

*Ism. (recovering from his surprise). Princess, I'll not believe you have the power that you assume: tell me on what authority you interfere here.*

*Clo.* That which Alladin himself bestowed on me. If you disbelieve me still, behold his signet. *(Produces it.)*

*Ism.* I see it, but am not shaken. When Alladin becomes the instrument of a woman's inclina-

tion, it is Ismen's duty to act in despite of his authority. Fire the pile. (*To the guards.*)

*Clo.* (*to the guards*). Obey him at your peril: he who raises a fire-brand dies.

(*Ismen snatches a fire-brand from the hand of one of the guards, and sets fire to the pile*.)

*Ism.* Ismen has courage to disobey thee.

*Clo.* And Clorinda has fortitude to punish thy insolent cruelty. Perish, thou monster of iniquity, by the arm of that woman whose justice thou hast dared to despise.

(*Clorinda stabs Ismen with her lance. Ismen groans, and sinks down upon the ground. Seraphina runs to Ismen, exclaims, Oh, my father! kneels by him, and supports his head on her arm.*

*Clorinda's guards utter a shout of joy at the fall of Ismen, and hastily unchain Orlando from the funeral pile. Orlando throws himself at the feet of Clorinda, and offers her his silent thanks. A second shout of joy is uttered by Clorinda's guards, and Nicephorus is conducted in triumph.*

*Nic.* Oh, blessed day! Oh, God of Jerusalem! accept our thanks.

*Orl.* My father, behold the fallen Ismen: unite your prayers with ours to call down grace on his last moments.

*Isn.* Alas! it is too late to pray for me. Oh, power omnipotent, abate the agonies of my heart! Oh, my daughter, Nicephorus, and the wronged Orlando too! Oh, that this moment could be spared me! Clorinda, you who at this awful instant appear to me the messenger of death, receive the confession of my shame: it was I who tore the law of Mahomet to draw down vengeance on the Christians. Oh, hypocrite, barbarian! What have I gained by deceiving others but my own misery?

*Ser.* Oh, he is dying!

*Isn.* And thou, my child—— Oh, torture! Vultures gnaw my heart—the stings of scorpions goad my soul. Oh, save me from these circling flames. Oh, save me, save me! Oh! *(Dies.)*

*(Seraphina falls into the arms of Orlando. The body of Ismen is taken out by the guards; and when it is removed, Orlando raises Seraphina, and takes her to the arms of Nicephorus.)*

*Nic.* Oh, unexpected reverse of fortune! Oh,

my son! my Seraphina! do I again clasp you to my breast?

*Clo.* Now, Orlando, let me unite your hand with that of your deserving Seraphina. Go, noble warrior, and join the army of the bold Godfrey. The sultan has commanded, that your people should instantly quit the frontiers of Palestine. Alladin fears to keep so vast an assemblage of virtue near his throne. Come, you shall march under my escort: Clorinda too quits Jerusalem; for Clorinda refuses to wage war against a people, whose diversity of faith from the belief of their enemies is their only crime.

*(Flourish of martial instruments, to which the curtain drops.)* 4 AP 54

